

Bonds so Strong

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Family

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, OC, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-03-04 22:30:52

Updated: 2013-04-12 19:55:54

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:38:06

Rating: K+

Chapters: 4

Words: 18,845

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A sort of Movie Novel with my OC Pippa and some extra dialogue. Rated K for minor violence and some crude humor. Also featuring an OC dragon breed: the frostfire. R&R, please. UP FOR ADOPTION, sorry.

1. This is Berk

This is Berk... Its twelve days north of hopeless, and just a few degrees south of 'freezing to death'; It's located solemnly on the Meridian of Misery. My village, in a word, sturdy; it's been here for over seven generations, but each building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice, or mosquitoes. We have...

In the middle of the night, a young teenage boy heard a commotion going on outside, so he opened the door, before slamming it shut and avoiding being burnt to death by,

"Dragons," He breathed, before opening the door slightly and peeked out of it.

After checking that the dragon left, he ran outside, leaving his house to be burnt.

Most people would leave. Not us. We're Vikings, we have stubbornness issues. My name is Hiccup. Yeah, great name, I know, but luckily it's not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. Like our charming Viking demeanor wouldn't do that.

Hiccup continued to run through the village, ignoring the warnings to go home that almost every Viking told him, until he was grabbed by a large man with a red beard.

"Hiccup! What is he doing out again-? What are you doing out?!" He rambled, before throwing Hiccup back on the ground, "Get back inside!"

That's Stoic the Vast, Chief of the Tribe. They say that when he was a baby, he popped a dragon's head clean off of its shoulders. Do I believe it? Yes, I do.

Stoic then turned to one of his fellow Viking warrior brethren and asked, "What have we got?"

The warrior, recognizing his chief, reported, "Well, sir, we've got Gronkles, Nadders, a few Zipplebacks and frostfiresâ€¦"

Then suddenly, one of the buildings erupted, as a Monstrous Nightmare came charging out; its body was all ablaze from horn to foot talons.

"Oh, and one Monstrous Nightmare," the warrior added.

Stoic looked around in the skies, cautiously, until he finally asked, "Any sightings of any Night Furies?"

"None so far," the Viking reported.

"Good," Stoic nodded and then ordered, "Raise the Sky Torches!"

And by that order, a few Vikings lit Olympic torch sized bowls, lighting monstrous fires bright enough to light the skies, as they were being raised up by extendable platform beams.

It wasn't long until Hiccup arrived at the Blacksmith shack.

"How nice of ya to join the party," Another large man with a hammer for his left hand said, as Hiccup ran in, "I thought ya'd been carried off."

"What? Me? Nah, come on," Hiccup scoffed, as he put on his brown apron, and hung a large hammer on a rack.

"I'm way too muscular for their taste. They wouldn't know what to do with all this," He said, flexing his non-existent muscles.

"Well, they need toothpicks, don't they?" An older teenage girl warned Hiccup, as she entered.

The girl was a half-head taller than Hiccup and had neck length red hair and silver eyes. She wore a blue poncho-like jacket over her grey chainmail shirt, white under shirt, and buckskin pants.

The large meat-head with interchangeable hands is Gobber. I've been his apprentice since I was little...well, littler. The girl in blue is my cousin Pippa, the closest thing I have to a big sister or a mother. She's an archer and makes it her business to scare the dragons away from the forge, after all, arrows to a dragon is like bug bites to us.

Stoic shouting to his men, "We'll move to the lower defenses! We'll counterattack with the catapults!"

The trio then heard a dragon torch several houses and felt thankful that the people weren't still inside.

See? Old village, lots and lots of new houses.

As Hiccup got to work, handing out the weapons to Vikings, he was able to catch a glimpse of some more Viking teenagers that were helping put out some fires that the dragons caused.

"Oh, that's Fishlegs, Snotlout, the twins: Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and Astrid..."

Hiccup stared in awe of Astrid, totally adored with her as she flipped her bangs out of the way of an explosion.

Their job's so cool; Pippa could be part of that team, but she says her place is to protect the forge, and more importantly me. Ever since her parents died in a nasty thunderstorm, she's been living with me and my family, and being the only girl left in said family made her very protective of me.

As Hiccup continued to think and watch the battle, Gobber grabbed him.

"Oh come on, let me out, please," Hiccup begged, as Gobber put him down, "I need to make my mark!"

"You've already made plenty of marks, all on the wrong places," Gobber stated.

"Please, just give me two minutes," Hiccup insisted, "I'll kill a dragon; my life will get infinitely betterâ€¦ I might even get a girl other than Pippa to like me!"

"You can't shot an arrow, you can't pick up a sword, you can't lift a hammer, you can't swing an axe," Gobber listed, and then picked up a bola, "you can't even throw one of these."

Just then a Viking grabbed the bola from the blacksmith and threw it at a dragon.

"But this will throw it for me," Hiccup said, as he walked over to his Bolas' Shooter and patted it.

Unfortunately, the shooter ended up throwing some bolas at a Viking outside and knocked him out.

"Okay, that's it!" Gobber yelled, getting annoyed, "This right here is what I'm talking about! Hiccup, if you want to get out there and fight those dragons, you have to stop being all...this."

"But, you just pointed to all of me," Hiccup stated, looking down at himself.

"Yes," Gobber answered as he gently poked him in the chest, "That's it! Just stop being all of you."

"Oh, okay, you are playing a dangerous game, keeping all this raw Viking-ness contained," Hiccup pointed his finger at Gobber, while trying to sound threatening; "There will be consequences!"

"I'll take my chances. Sword, sharpen, now!" Gobber ordered, as he handed a large and heavy sword to Hiccup, who held it with his arms.

Pippa came down from her perch, walked over to her cousin and told him, "A weak man thinks only of and stands only for himself, but a strong man thinks of and stands for others."

One day I'll get out there. I'll prove myself I can be like the others, because here, killing a dragon is everything.

Unfortunately, his train of thought was popped as soon as Gobber shouted to get the young lad his attention.

"Man the forge Hiccup, they need me out there," Gobber said changing his left hand to a mace. He jumped out of the registry window as he advised his pupil, "Stay. Put. There. You know what I mean,"

And with a loud, "YAARGG!" Gobber sprinted out and disappeared into the chaos of the battlefield.

Hiccup immediately ran over to the window and looked outside, before seeing a large blue blast hit a tower and destroy it. After Gobber left to help the other Vikings, Hiccup grabbed his Bolas' Shooter, and ran outside.

_ A Deadly Nadder was sure to get me at least noticed; Frostfires breath ice instead of fire, one blast will give you major frostbite, killing one will make people start hanging out with me; Gronkles were tough; not the most pleasant to look at, but they were very powerful; if at all, taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend; A Hideous ZippleBack was one of the more exotic and mysterious of the dragons, twice the heads twice the status; Then there was the Monstrous Nightmare, They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire, only the best Vikings go after those; but if I was going to be noticed as a Viking, then I'd have to go for the ultimate price: _

Suddenly, the teenager heard a loud bang outside, and someone yelling "Night Fury!"

It never steals food, never showed itself, and most importantly: it never misses. No one had ever seen, let alone, killed a Night Fury, and I made it my plan on being the first.

"Hiccup?!" Pippa called, before sighing, "I swear, it's like he's trying to get himself killed."

She grumbled, before running after her cousin.

* * *

><p>He ran to a clear place where there were no dragons, noises, or Vikings to distract him, and he waited for just the right time to shoot.<p>

Hiccup ran over to a nearby cliff, before setting up his Bolas' Shooter, "Come on, give me something to shoot at..."

Suddenly, he heard a faint roar, and noticed something move in the sky. Paying love attention, Hiccup fired a bolas into the sky, but the force made him fall down. As he got up, Hiccup heard a dragon screech and cry, before seeing the dragon fall somewhere in the forest. Hiccup was grinning in success, after hearing the cries of the dragon.

"I hit it...yes, I hit it!" Hiccup cheered, as he turned around and faced "Did anybody else see that?!"

He grinned, before noticing there wasn't anyone else in sight. Before Hiccup could do anything else, he heard a smashing sound, and turned around to see a Monstrous Nightmare dragon behind them.

"...except for you," Hiccup's smile disappeared, before the Nightmare roared and started chasing him.

Then an arrow bounced off its face and the beast turned and eyed Pippa, and the chase began again, this time with Pippa in tow.

"You scream like a girl!" Pippa scolded, as she and Hiccup ran, and she heard Hiccup screaming.

"You're choosing now to make fun of me?!" Hiccup exclaimed, sounding upset and annoyed.

The Nightmare roared behind the two cousins, so the two of them continued to run while screaming and avoiding blasts of fire. Hiccup and Pippa tried hiding behind a pole tower, but the Nightmare blew fire against it, making the two teenagers wince from the heat. And just as the Nightmare was about to finish them off, Stoic kicked it away and got ready to face it and fight; the Nightmare tried to breath more fire, but he already reached his shot limit and couldn't blow fire anymore.

"You're all empty," Stoic growled, before he punched the Nightmare, and continued to do so until the dragon flew away.

As Stoic turned and faced Hiccup and Pippa, the bottom of the pole they hid behind burned and fell onto the dock.

Oh and there's one thing you should knowâ€¦|

"Uh, sorry...dad," Hiccup apologized to Stoic.

Hiccup watched as the top of the pole tower, which was on fire, rolled around the village and made everyone scream and panic. The dragons also started to retreat, but they got away with most of the fish and animals. Hiccup glanced back at his dad, who seemed furious at him.

"Okay, but I hit a Night Fury," Hiccup started, until Stoic grabbed him and started dragging him away, so Pippa followed.

"It's not like the last few times, dad, I actually hit it!" Hiccup insisted, "You guys were busy, and I had a very clear shot. It went down just off Raven's Point. Let's get a search party, and-"

"Stop!" Stoic cut off Hiccup, as he put down his son and faced him.

"Just, stop. Every time you step outside, disaster falls. And now, you've managed to drag your cousin into your problems too. "

"Uncle, Hiccup was just trying to help," Pippa tried to defend her cousin, ever the big sister/mother type.

"Can you not see I have bigger problems?" Stoic interrupted, ignoring Pippa and continuing to complain to Hiccup, "winter is almost here, and I have an entire village to feed!"

"Between you and me, the entire village could use a little less feeding, don't you think?" Hiccup tried to joke, but instead he just offended several of the Vikings.

"This isn't a joke, Hiccup!" Stoic yelled, before he sighed, "Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

"I can't stop myself!" Hiccup insisted, "I see a dragon, and I have to just...kill it, you know? It's who I am, dad."

What he said, made his cousin roll her eyes. Stoic just groaned and held his head.

"You're many things, Hiccup, but a dragon killer is not one of 'em," He stated, "Now go back to the house. Gobber, make sure he and Pippa get there. I have his mess to clean up."

As Gobber led Hiccup back home, some of the other Viking teenagers started teasing him.

"Quite the performance," Tuffnut commented, as his sister laughed at Hiccup.

"I've never seen anyone mess up that badly," Snotlout stated, as he smirked at Hiccup.

"Speak for yourself," Pippa glared after shoving him down, "Last week, you set yourself on fire."

Snotlout remained silent; Pippa was a very scary person when she wanted to be.

* * *

><p>"I'm not lying, I really did hit one," Hiccup insisted.<p>

It was early dawn, and Hiccup, Pippa, and Gobber were walking up the hill to the Haddock house.

"Sure you did, Hiccup," Gobber said tiredly, still not convinced.

"He just never listens to meâ€|"

"Runs in the family," Gobber and Pippa said in unison.

"â€|. And when he does, it's always with this disappointed scowl, like someone skimped all the meat in his sandwich," Hiccup said as they arrived at his house, and he did his impression of his father, "'Excuse me, Bar Maid, I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring."

I ordered an extra-large boy with beefy arms! Extra guts and glory on the side! This here, this is a talking fish bone!'"

"Now, you're thinking about this all wrong," Gobber started, trying to cheer up Hiccup, "It's not so much what you look like; it's what's inside that he can't stand."

Hiccup just stared at Gobber, obviously not feeling any better about himself, "Thank you for summing that up."

"Look, what Gobber's trying to say is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not," Pippa tried to tell Hiccup as she entered the house.

"I just wanna be one of you guys," Hiccup frowned, looking at both his cousin and his boss before he entered his house and closed the front door.

Once Gobber was gone in the front, Hiccup went out the back door, Pippa having gone to her room and taking a nap.

* * *

><p>After everything was fixed up, most of the adults gathered in the main hall to discuss what they were to do to save their food stocks and rid themselves of the dragons. As usual, Stoic proposed his "nest idea."<p>

"Either we finish them or they finish us!" Stoic calmly yelled out to the other Vikings, his voice echoing throughout the stone building, "It's the only way we'll be rid of them."

He plunged his knife into a map of the surrounding oceans, right where the dragons' nest was thought to be.

"One more search before the ice sets in. If we find the nest and destroy it, the dragons will have to leave, they'll find another home."

However, one of the warriors was uncertain, as he stated a firm reminder, "But those ships never come back."

"We're Vikings, it's an occupational hazard," Stoic stated, tossing away all fear, "Now who's with me?!"

He looked at the room full of Vikings, no one seemed to agree with him at this point. Either they thought the plan wouldn't work, or they were just too afraid.

"Alright," he said, sighing at the quiet, "Those who wish to stay have to look after Hiccup."

It was only until Stoic had uttered his son's name, did the room burst with agreements and battle-cries.

"I'm with you Stoic!" yelled Spitelout, Stoic's second in command.

"That's more like it," the chief replied, very satisfied with both the response and to himself.

The room began to empty as the Vikings left, leaving just Stoic and Gobber.

"Alright, I'll go pack my undies," Gobber stated with a smile on his face, as he stood up getting ready to leave the room. He then switched his prosthetic hand with a large wooden mug.

"No, I need you to stay and train some new recruits." Stoic walked over to Gobber, who sat down again.

"Oh perfect, and while I'm busy, Hiccup can cover the store," Gobber said sarcastically, taking a swig from his mug, even as his fake tooth fell into the mug, "Molten steel, razor sharp blades, lots of time to himself. What could possibly go wrong?"

Feeling lost, Stoic sighed as he turned to his best friend and asked, "What am I gonna do with 'im Gobber?"

Gobber thought about it for a moment, and calmly shrugged, "Put 'im in training with the others."

"Gobber I'm serious."

"So am I."

"He'd be killed before you let the first dragon out of its cage," Stoic protested.

"Oh ya don't know that," Gobber defended.

"I do know that," Stoic insisted.

"No ya don't."

"No actually I do."

"_No ya don't!"_

"Listen, you know what he's like. From the time he could crawl he's been, different," Stoic sighed in frustration, and turned to look away from Gobber, "He doesn't listen; he has the attention span of a sparrow. I take 'im fishin' and he goes hunting forâ€¦ for trolls."

"Trolls exist!" interrupted Gobber, "They steal yer socks. But only the left ones. What's with that?"

"When I was a boy," Stoic started.

"Oh, here we go," muttered Gobber to himself, as he took another swig from his mug.

"When I was a boy," Stoic started again, ignoring the groans from his old friend, "my father told me to bang my head against a rock, and I did it. I thought it was crazy, but I didn't question him, and you know what happened?"

"You got a headache?" said Gobber, unamused, while trying to fish out his fake tooth which had fallen into his mug.

"That rock split in two," Stoic said, ignoring Gobber, "It taught me what a Viking could do. He could crush mountains, level forests, tame seas! Even as a boy I knew what was, what I had to become. Hiccup is not that boy."

"You can't stop him Stoic, you can only prepare him," Gobber started as he began to finish his 'fishing', "I know it seems hopeless but the truth is you won't always be around to protect 'im. He's gonna get out there again. He's probably out there now. Besides, Pippa will be there too, you know more so than I that she'll never let anything happen to Hiccup."

Stoic looked to his friend, and then turned away in thought, lost in it was more like it.

* * *

><p>It was already the middle of the afternoon, and Hiccup and Pippa had already searched half of the forest. Hiccup sighed, before looking down at the map he drew in his notebook and X-ed out another area. Frustrated, Hiccup started scribbling everywhere in the page, before he slammed his book shut.<p>

"The gods hate me," He sighed, as he placed his notebook back in his vest.

"Some people lose their knife, or a mug, not me. I manage to lose an entire dragon!" Hiccup grumbled, as he swatted away a tree branch, but the branch ended up hitting him in the face.

Hiccup looked over in the same direction, before he saw the tree in front of them was split in half. His eyes followed the direction of where the side of the tree was leaning, before he noticed a large skid mark on the ground that led downhill. Hiccup stumbled down the hill and looked past it to see a Night Fury.

Quickly, the teenager ducked and hid, before he peeked over the hill and noticed that the Night Fury was still unconscious. Hiccup jumped over and hid behind a large rock. He looked at the Night Fury, and noticed that it was tied down with some bolas.

"Oh wow, I did it. I actually did it! This fixes everything! Yes!" Hiccup cheered, as he placed his foot on top of the dragon, "I have brought down this mighty beast!"

Suddenly, the Night Fury's arm jerked, making Hiccup yelp and stumble back onto the rock. Hiccup glanced down a bit, and just remained silent. Eventually, the Night Fury's large green eyes opened up, making Hiccup take a step back. The dragon looked over at Hiccup, who grabbed a small knife and pointed it forwards. Hiccup stood over the Night Fury, his knife still in his hands, which were shaking slightly.

"I'm gonna kill you, dragon. I'm-I'm gonna cut out your heart, and take it to my father. I'm a Viking." Hiccup encouraged himself, pointing down his knife and taking a deep breath. "***I'm a Viking!***"

As Hiccup glanced down at the Night Fury, he was able to see that it

really was scared, just like he was. Hiccup shook his head and shut his eyes tightly, while the Night Fury leaned back its head and closed its eyes, accepting his possible death. In the end, Hiccup groaned, as his arms dropped down and he looked at the poor dragon.

"I did this..." He realized, stepping back slightly.

Hiccup, looking down at the Night Fury, whose eyes were still closed, sighed and knelt down beside the dragon and started cutting the ropes. The Night Fury's eyes snapped open and glanced down at Hiccup, who continued to cut the ropes. After Hiccup cut the last one, the Night Fury pounced on top of him and growled. Hiccup panicked slightly, looking up and making eye contact with the dragon, who glared straight at him.

Eventually, the Night Fury's wings spread out, before it roared in Hiccup's face and flew off. Hiccup, who breathed heavily and grabbed his small knife, before standing up, watched at the Night Fury struggled to fly straight, and it ended up hitting several trees and rocks. As he got up and turned around, Hiccup dropped his knife and groaned, before he fell forwards and became fainted.

* * *

><p>After waking up and realizing that (1) he was okay and (2) it was near evening, Hiccup went inside his house and noticed his dad was there. Quickly and quietly, Hiccup was able to make it to the stairs.<p>

"Hiccup," Stoic called, making Hiccup wince slightly.

"Dad...uh, I have to talk to you, dad," Hiccup started.

"I have to speak to you too, son," Stoic agreed, before he and Hiccup took a deep breath.

"I've decided I don't want to fight dragons."/ "I think it's time you learned to fight dragons."

Hiccup and Stoic then looked at each other.

"What?" They both asked.

"Uh, you go first," Hiccup insisted.

"Alright, you get your wish," Stoic gave in, as he looked up at his son. "Dragon Training, you and Pippa start in the morning."

"Oh man, I should've gone first!" Hiccup groaned and panicked slightly, as he walked halfway down the stairs, and tried to find a way to explain, "Uh, cause I was thinking, you know, we have a surplus of Dragon Fighting Vikings, but do we have enough... 'Bread Making Vikings'? Or 'Small Home Repair Vikings'?"

"You're going to need this," Stoic said, not listening, as he handed Hiccup a one sided axe.

Hiccup stumbled backwards slightly, as he tried to hold the axe.

"I don't want to fight dragons," He tried to explain to his father.

Stoic just laughed at Hiccup's response, "Yes you do."

"Rephrase," Hiccup muttered, as he climbed down the rest of the stairs, "Dad, I can't kill dragons!"

"But you will kill dragons!" Stoic insisted, "And Pippa will be there to protect you when you need her most."

"Well, yeah, she's always there for me," Hiccup insisted, "But I'm very extra sure I won't kill dragons."

"Look, this is serious, son," Stoic stated, as he looked down at Hiccup, and picked up the axe, "When you carry this axe, you carry all of us with youâ€¦"

He added, handing the axe to Hiccup, "Which means you walk like us, you talk like us, you think like us. No more of...this."

Hiccup looked down at himself again, before looking back up at his dad, "You just gestured to all of me."

"Deal?" Stoic asked.

"This conversation is feeling very one-sided..." Hiccup tried to say.

"_Deal?"_ Stoic repeated, with more force.

Hiccup just sighed and gave in, "Deal."

"Good," Stoic nodded, before he grabbed a sack and his helmet, and as he was walking out, added, "Train hard, listen to Gobber and your cousin, and I'll be back...probably."

"Alright then, I'll be here," Hiccup said, "...maybe."

A female voice then spooked the lad, "you know, contrary to popular belief, most Vikings don't really spend their lives killing dragons. That's for when they absolutely have no choice."

Hiccup yelled, but then quickly calmed down when he realized who spoke, "oh, Pippa, it's just you."

"Who else?" was the sixteen year-old's remark.

Hiccup sighed, slumped down on the stairwell, and admitted, "I found a downed dragon todayâ€¦ but I couldn't kill it so I, uh, let it go. Thank Odin it just ran off instead of eating me, I guess."

Pippa quietly sat down next to him and put a hand on the thirteen year-old's shoulder before saying, "That was a very brave and strong thing you did, Hiccup. Not many men are willing to go for the kill on their first chance, so they just walk away and leave the dirty work for someone else."

"But killing dragons isâ€¦" Hiccup was saying.

Pippa interrupted, "what we do if we must. That's why Stoic's always looking for the nest, so we can rid ourselves, and other Viking tribes, of the dragons without any more bloodshed. Yes, there's a great honor if you kill any, but not just for the sake of killing. Hiccup, do yourself a favor and remember these words: there are different kinds of strengths, but the one kind that Odin wants to see in people the most is the strength to do what you feel is right, no matter the consequences."

The lad looked at his cousin and smiled, "Thanks Pippa, you're the best. Heck, you're the only friend I have."

Pippa pulled him into a gentle hug and sang:

"_Feasgar ciÃ¹in an tÃ¹s a' ChÃ²itein, _
_Nuair bha 'n ialtag anns na speuran, _
_Chualaim rÃ-bhinn Ã²g 's i deurach _
_'Seinn fo sgÃ il nan geugan uain'. _
_Bha a' ghrian 'sa chuan gu sÃ-oladh, _
_'S reult cha d' Ã²irich anns an iarmailt, _
_Nuair a sheinn an Ã²igh gu cianail, _
"Tha mo ghaol air Ã ird a' chuain."

* * *

><p>And scene. I hope you enjoyed this story. Just to clarify, the reason why my OC Pippa sang a Scottish song is because she's one half Scottish on her mother's side, as she will state in later chapters. Please review. Oh and here is the translation for the song:

**On a quiet evening at the beginning of May,**
**When the bat was in the skies,**
**I heard a tearful young maiden**
**Singing beneath the shadow of the green branches.**
**The sun was setting in the sea,**
**And no stars yet graced the sky,**
**When the young girl sang sorrowfully,**
**"My love is on the high seas."**

2. Dragon Training

**And now: chapter 2. Sorry if my story seems similar to other stories, I'm trying to go for as close to the movie as possible all while making it my own. In fact, I own nothing but plot changes,

Pippa, and the Frostfire dragons. Oh and if the people at DreamWorks ever decide to put Pippa in film/TV, then I want her voiced by the ever so popular Katharine Barr.**

* * *

><p>"Welcome to Dragon Training!" Gobber greeted his new teenage students.<p>

The doors opened to the Dragon Training Ring, allowing the teenagers to enter the training grounds. Astrid, followed by Snotlout, Tuffnut, Ruffnut, Pippa, and Fishlegs entered the arena, with weapons in hand: Astrid's dual-sided axe, Snotlout's spiked mace, twin's double-ended hook spears, Pippa's " now wearing gloves that left her pointer, thumb, and pinkie fingers exposed and a belt that carried a quiver around her hips" bow and arrows, and Fishleg's stone hammer.

"No turning back," Astrid said to herself, walking confidently, ready to finally learn how to slay dragons.

This was the Kill Ring, where all Vikings at the teenage age trained to fight dragons. The group of young Vikings walked into the middle of the ring, all gazing around them and getting a good look at the stone walls and the chain ceiling that surrounded them. The dome was constructed with thick, impenetrable limestone, and on top of the dome, was a metal cage which, along with the walls, was completely destructive-proof. Inside, there were five doors that were bolted into and secured by plank-locks.

"I hope I get some serious burns," said the male twin Tuffnut.

"I'm hoping for some mauling," said his sister Ruffnut, "like, on my shoulder or lower back."

"Yeah," sighed Astrid, "It's only fun if you get a scar out of it."

"No kidding, right?"

Everyone heard that, and turned around to the door. There, they saw none other than Hiccup, equipped with the ax his father gave him.

He grudgingly stepped into the ring last, adding wryly, "Pain. Love it."

"Oh great," Tuffnut glared, looking at Hiccup, "Who let him in?"

"If he leaves then I leave," Pippa answered, giving them all death glares.

The other teens, only thirteen or fourteen years old, grumbled but dropped the subject, except for Fishlegs who stared in terror of the elder female student.

"Alright, let's get started!" yelled Gobber, "The recruit who does best will win the honor of killing his first dragon in front of the entire village."

"Hiccup already killed a Night Fury so" does that disqualify him or...?" Snotlout asked "innocently" making the twins laugh as they

walked further into the arena.

As if to add more salt into the wound, Tuffnut taunted aloud, "Can I change to the class with the cool Vikings?"

That made Pippa growl like a bear, causing the boys and Ruffnut to yell in fright.

"Don't worry," Gobber reassured, putting a hand on Hiccup's shoulder as they started to walk forward, "Pippa will look out for you. Besides, you're small and weak. That'll make you less of a target. They'll see you as secular and sane and go after the more Viking-like teens instead."

"Gee, that's great," Hiccup muttered dryly, the sarcasm going unnoticed by Gobber at all.

With a rough push, Gobber sent Hiccup towards the rest of the group.

"Behind these doors," Gobber said passing in front of his students, "â€|are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight."

Gobber walked towards a large door that was shaking on its hinges; obviously it was a very angry dragon waiting behind it.

"The Deadly Nadderâ€|"

"Speed: 8, armor: 16..." muttered a very eager Fishlegs.

"The Hideous ZippleBackâ€|" Gobber pointed to an even larger door.

"â€|Eleven stealth â€" times 2... "

"The Monstrous Nightmareâ€|" Gobber stated to a door that was smoking on both the wood and the hinges.

"- Fire-power: 15..."

"The Frostfireâ€|" Gobber announced, pointing to a door covered with icicles and frost.

"â€|Strength: 12. Ice breath: 20â€|"

Gobber continued, as he stopped in front of an iron clad door, with many warning symbols on it, "The Terrible Terrorâ€|"

"- Attack: 8, venom: 12 - "

"Would you stop that!?" Gobber yelled, feeling very annoyed, as he walked to a wooden and metal door that was knocking so hard, it almost seemed like there was a battering ram on the other side of it, "And last, but not least, the Gronkle."

"Jaw-strength: 8." Fishlegs whispered to Hiccup.

Gobber put his hand on the lever that would open the door.

"Whoa whoa, wait!" yelled Snotlout, looking terrified. "Aren't you gonna teach us first?"

"I believe in learning on the job," Gobber answered, with a smile on his face, and his hand on the lever.

A smile escaped and fell from Pippa's lips, she knew Gobber enough to know just how crazy he was. They were in for some very interesting times. Hiccup knew that too, being Gobber's Blacksmith apprentice, but was not happy at all. This was going to be "fun."

They all witnessed Gobber push down on the lever, opening the door, and just then, bursting out of its cage; a mighty dragon flew, or rather, hovered, into the ring.

The dragon was colored puke brown, and had a short body, a large head, and a fat mace-like tail, with yellow eyes, two wing-like horns on top of its eyebrows, a small horn on the tip of its nose, and small purple stub-spikes, that kind of resembled acne, under its chin and on top of its back and tail. Its mouth had two huge bottom teeth, giving it the look of a hippo. Its wings, however, were relatively small, but were beating as fast as a hummingbird's, and by the way it was moving, it was very good in maneuverability. This was a Gronkle, the laziest and crankiest of the dragons, never ever to be underestimated.

As the Gronkle maneuvered about the ring, all the young Viking teenagers dispersed, preparing to take combat of this flying battering-ram creature. The dragon slammed into the wall, breaking off some stones and ate them.

"Today is all about survival. If you get blasted, you're dead," Gobber warned his students, as the Gronkle flew around angrily.

"Quick!" he shouted, beginning his little quiz, "What's the first thing you're going to need?"

"A doctor?!" Hiccup suggested, not too sure about this exercise.

"Plus 5 speed?!" Fishlegs guessed, slowly starting to freak out now as he spoke.

"A shield," Pippa answered in a matter of fact voice.

"Right! Shield! Go!" Gobber ordered, pointing out to a pile of shields, and the teenagers ran around to where the shields were.

"The most important piece of equipment is your shield!" Gobber advised the students.

Hiccup immediately tried to get one of the shields on, but fumbled about with it, until finally he sighed and let it drop, as Gobber walked over.

"If you must make a choice between a sword and a shield," Gobber said while helping Hiccup lift his shield off the ground, "â€| take the shield!"

Meanwhile, as the other teens grabbed their shields, Tuffnut and Ruffnut ran to where the shields were spread out. Unfortunately, they both grabbed the one with skulls and fire painted on it. This caused the two to fight it out over possession of the shield as the two were now playing a game of tug-o-war.

"Take your hands off my shield!" Tuffnut yelled.

"There's like a million shields!" Ruffnut argued.

"Take that one; it has flowers on it. Girls like flowers," Tuffnut snapped, gesturing to a different shield with his head.

Ruffnut managed to get the shield out of Tuffnut's hands. And then she smacked him over the head with it.

"Ahh!" Tuffnut yelled, feeling the sting from the blow on his forehead.

"Oops," Ruffnut mock-apologized, "now this one has blood on it."

Tuffnut grabbed the shield once again, and the twins both continued to fight pointlessly over the shield. The Gronkle, not having much patience in a siblings squabble, fired a shot of blazing flames that destroyed the shield Ruff and Tuff had been fighting over. The blast was powerful enough to send them both spinning in the air and then crash face-first into the ground.

" Ruffnut! Tuffnut! You're out!" Gobber yelled.

"What?" They said, in a daze as they groggily got back up on their feet.

"Those shields are good for another thing: Noise," Gobber advised the teenagers as the Gronkle was hovering around, either planning to attack, or basically escape the coliseum dome, "Make lots of it. Throw off a dragon's aim."

The remaining Viking teens began to hit their shields with their weapons, confusing the Gronkle. Its vision became disoriented with every pounding sound made, thus making the Viking teens nothing more than shaking blurs.

"All dragons have a limited number of shots," Gobber continued with the lesson, as he quizzed, "How many does a Gronkle have?"

"Five?" Guessed Snotlout.

"No, six!" Fishlegs yelled out, holding his shield up in the air, feeling glad that his knowledge was coming to good use.

"Correct, six!" Gobber congratulated, "That's one for each but one of you."

However, as Gobber said this, the Gronkle took the opportunity, when its head was cleared up, and destroyed Fishlegs's shield, which he had been lifting into the air. When this happened, Fishlegs ran out of there with his hands raised in the air, screaming his head off in

fear.

"Fishlegs! you're out!"

During the commotion, Hiccup had taken the opportunity to hide behind some wood left in the stadium.

"Hiccup! Get in there!" Gobber yelled at Hiccup.

As Hiccup stepped away from the wood, he was almost blasted to pieces by the Gronkle. Hiccup, however, was fast on his feet, his one advantage. The only ones left now, were him, Astrid, Pippa, and Snotlout, who was standing close to Astrid. He was trying, once again, to flirt with her, but Astrid was more focused on the dragon.

"So yeah, I'm moving into my parent's basement," Snotlout flirted, even though she wasn't paying any attention to him, "You should come by some time to work out. You look like you work out."

As Snotlout was talking, Astrid rolled to the side just as the Gronkle shot in her direction. Her movement left Snotlout exposed, and his shield was obliterated, as he was sent flying in the other direction.

"Snotlout! Yer done!" Gobber confirmed.

With a small 'Hee-ya,' Astrid rolled to the side, until she was now standing beside Hiccup. To Hiccup, now was an awkward moment; he had always liked her but really didn't know what to do now.

"So I guess it's just you and me, huh?" He asked, doing his best to sound brave, with an awkward half-smile on his face.

"Nope," Astrid responded, "Just you."

She ran out of the way, leaving Hiccup vulnerable and alone. Just at that moment, the Gronkle's fire collided with Hiccup's shield, sending it rolling off.

"One shot left," Gobber pointed out while Hiccup was groaning as he righted himself.

Groaning and cracking his neck, he slowly got back to his feet. However this wasn't the best of luck for him at this time. Now he only found himself cornered against the wall. And to make matters worse, the Gronkle was now advancing on him, with eyes only on him.

"Hiccup!" Gobber yelled out.

The Gronkle was just about to fire its last shot that was sure to be Hiccup's doom. However, it screamed and shot its fireball a foot above its intended target. Hiccup looked up and saw the dragon buzzing around in a circle with an arrow in its right hip. The Viking lad knew what happened, Pippa had saved him. When it least expected it, Gobber had run up in the nick of time, stuck his prosthetic hook hand, into the dragon's mouth, and was able to ensure to redirect the location of its fire.

"And that's six," Gobber said struggling with the dragon, "Go back to bed, you overgrown sausage!"

As he secured it back into its cage, he told the trainees, "You'll get another chance, don't you worry."

He turned to his students, who were all out of breath, "Remember, a dragon will alwaysâ€¦"

He then turned to Hiccup, who was leaning on the wall, rubbing his right arm, "â€¦ _always_â€¦ go for the kill."

Hiccup just stood up and looked at the smoldering hole in the stone wall that the dragon had made, lost in thought.

* * *

><p>"So why didn't you?" He asked himself out loud, kneeling down and holding up the ropes that had once trapped the captured dragon.<p>

Hiccup walked a little further into the forest, in the direction that the Night Fury flew away last time. It wasn't a hard task, there were broken branches and paw prints. It seemed evident that the Night Fury must have been hurt. Otherwise, the dragon wouldn't have crashed so many times. He followed the trail until it led him to where the tracks and broken branches ended at.

Hiccup now was at the end of the trail, or so he thought it was. He stepped between two large rocks, and behind them laid a small canyon. It was surrounded by tall rock walls, much like the ones in the training arena. It was full of lush, green plants, the sun was shining into it, and there were birds fluttering about inside it. Even in the canyon, was a small lake, that can be used for swimming or drinking in. It was like a small private paradise in one of the most miserable places in the world, just right for anyone who wanted to get awayâ€¦ or to hide in.

Hiccup took a look into the canyon, a bit disappointed that he didn't find the dragon. But just as he was about to leave, he looked down to his left and saw small black scales. He picked one up to get a better look at it. There was no mistaking anything about it; the scales that he held in his hand were identical to the Night Fury's.

As he knelt down, a large, black figure swept by right in front of him. He jumped back a bit, but regained his footing as he looked to see what it was. It was the Night Fury, and it looked like it was trying to climb out of the canyon, but the rocks were too smooth for its claws to grab on.

The dragon glided down and across the small lake that was centered in the canyon. It landed by a tree on the opposite end of the canyon from where Hiccup stood. Summing up enough courage, Hiccup jumped down to a rock ledge so he could get a better look at the dragon, as it tried to fly out again.

As the Night Fury attempted to escape the canyon, Hiccup decided not to waste an opportunity like this. He pulled out his pocket book from his side pouch, as he watched the dragon fail two more times to escape, flying around crookedly and always crashing flat on his

belly. He drew the basic shape of the dragon: a large half-moon shaped head long body with large wings, small fins right behind its wings, and two tail fins.

"I don't get it," Hiccup thought aloud, "Why don't you just fly away?"

The dragon shoot a blast of purplish-blue fire and, taking a closer look at the dragon, the lad noticed that one of the tail fins was gone. Hiccup looked at the picture he drew in his pocket book, and erased the left tail fin.

The Night Fury tried to fly out once more, only to crash by the lake. Just at that moment, a fish jumped out of the water, catching the Night Fury's attention. Hungry, the dragon walked to the edge and peered in, anxiously looking for a meal. Immediately, the dragon dove into the lake to catch one, only to come out empty.

After watching the poor dragon come out empty handed, or empty mouthed, Hiccup felt bad for what he did. He set down his charcoal pencil, but it rolled off the rock he was sitting on, landing in the canyon and giving away his cover.

The Night Fury looked up at Hiccup, its green eyes full of suspicion. Hiccup froze and stared back at the dragon, which cocked its head and made low grumbling noises. The two just stared at each other, forgetting that they were enemies, just trying to figure out each other. It was almost as if they were long lost friends.

* * *

><p>That evening, when Hiccup got back to the village, it was raining heavily. When he finally got to the Main Hall, he was already soaked from head to toe, and his normally auburn hair looked dark brown. When he had entered, he found the rest of the class were eating dinner there since everyone's parents were with the chief, looking for the Nest. As he opened the door, Hiccup could hear the conversation inside.<p>

"Alright, where did Astrid go wrong in the ring today?" Gobber asked his students.

"I miss timed my somersault dive," Astrid said, "It was sloppy; it threw off my reverse tumble."

"Yeah, we noticed," commented Ruffnut.

"Noâ€| no, you were great. That was Astrid," Snotlout tried to defend Astrid, but, as always, was not wanted.

"She's right," lectured Gobber as Hiccup walked up to the table, "You have to be tough on yourselves."

Sighing, Hiccup grabbed his plate of food and walked to a table where he would sitâ€| alone, at least until Pippa came over and sat next to him.

"Nowâ€|" Gobber asked, pointing to Hiccup at this moment, "Where did Hiccup go wrong?"

Ruffnut was quick to answer, "Uh, he showed up."

Tuffnut chuckled as he fiddled and played with his dagger, "He didn't get eaten."

"He's never where he should be," Astrid said flatly, looking at him with a scolding look in her eyes.

"Thank you, Astrid," said Gobber, "You need to live and breathe this stuff..."

"The Dragon Manuel," Gobber stated as he held up an old book, "Everything we know about every dragon we know of."

He placed the book on the table where most of the class was sitting.

Thunder rolled through the sky and Gobber began to walk toward the two giant doors "No attacks tonight. Study up."

"Wait," Tuffnut asked in surprised shock, while dropping his knife, "â€| you mean, read?"

"While we're still alive?" Ruffnut added.

"Why read words when you can just kill the stuff the words tell you stuff about?" Snotlout growled stupidly.

"Because the more you know about your opponent," Pippa explained, "the more likely you can win and live."

"Oh!" Fishlegs spoke up, like an excited fan girl, "I've read it like seven times. There's this water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face. Andâ€| and there's this other one that buries itself for like â€| "

Tuffnut cut him off, seemingly not interested at all, but annoyed, "Yeah that sounds great. Now, there was a chance I was gonna read thatâ€| "

"â€| But, nowâ€| " Ruffnut finished.

Snotlout stood up, "You guys readâ€| I'm gonna go kill stuff."

And with that, everyone, except Astrid and Pippa, stood up and began to leave the room. Hiccup got up and walked over to the remaining blonde girl.

"Soâ€| so I guess we'll share?" he pointed to the book as he let out an unconfident half-smirk.

"Read it," Astrid sharply and curtly replied, pushing the book towards him, and started walking towards the door.

"Uh, all mine then, wow," Hiccup replied, sounding a bit disappointed, but did his best to hide it, "So, uh, OK, I-I'll see you, uhâ€| "

The door slammed as Astrid left.

"â€| Tomorrow," Hiccup finished with a sigh, feeling once again unwanted and not even noticed by anyone.

Pippa hugged him with one arm, "Don't worry little one, one day they'll see your potential as Gobber and I do."

Hiccup looked at her weirdly and was about to ask something before Pippa responded, "Who do ya think convinced your father to give you a chance to learn to better defend yourself? Bucket? Mildew?"

The both laughed half-heartedly for a few seconds.

"Thank you for saving my life back there," Hiccup said.

Pippa messed with his still wet hair and countered, "You're a smart lad, you would've thought of something."

"Actually," her cousin admitted, "my plan was to pray the dragon would let me go."

Pippa chuckled and then patted his shoulder saying, "You're a good boy, Hiccup, and one day, you'll be a great man. And even though it may not seem like it, your father and love you very much."

The Viking youth grinned again; Pippa always knew what to say and when to say it.

She kissed his forehead and said, "Don't stay up too late; I'll be home if you need me."

* * *

><p>Later that night, when the room was empty, Hiccup, using a candle for the only source of light available to him, he walked towards the table where the book lay. He set his candle down and sat on the bench, opening the large book.<p>

"Dragon Classifications:" Hiccup read to himself out loud as he looked at the table of contents of the book, "Strike class, Fear class, Mystery classâ€|"

He turned to the first page, which bared a picture of a very monstrous looking dragon. It looked like a scaled tornado with a tail and two wings on its near limbless body.

"The Thunderdrum," He read to himself silently, as he began to read the description of the named dragon, "This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide-pools. When startled, the Thunder Drum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range. Extremely dangerous, kill on sight."

Hiccup then turned the page to reveal another dragon.

"The Timberjack," the illustration showed a picture of a dragon with a long neck, beak, and a pair of extremely large wings that looked razor sharp blades, "This gigantic creature has razor sharp wings that can slice through full grown trees. Extremely dangerous, kill on sight."

Hiccup turned the page again, seeing a dragon with a head resembling

that of a turtle's. It was spewing water out at attacking Vikings, and they were either burned or melted.

"Scaldron," This was the dragon Fishlegs had been talking about, "Sprays scalding water at its victims. Extremely dangerous"

Hiccup was cut off by a loud boom of thunder, which startled him. He turned and only saw the door slightly open, showing lightning and rain were still going on outside. Once he realized that nothing was there, he turned back to the book and began to read again.

"Changewing-" he read to himself, as he turned the page again, "Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Kill on sight."

As he flipped through the pages he saw more dragons, "Nadder| Terrible Terror| Frostfire|. Gronkle| Zippleback| Monstrous Nightmare, Bonenapper| Whipsering Death|"

Hiccup continued to read them out loud, "Burns its victims, buries its victims, chokes its victims, turns its victims inside out... Extremely dangerous| Extremely dangerous| Kill on sight| kill on sight|"

He stopped once he reached the practically blank page that was titled Night Fury, and he began to read what little information there was about it.

"Night Fury," Hiccup read to himself, "Speed: Unknown. Size: Unknown... The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself, never engage this dragon. Your only chance: Hide and pray it does not find you."

Hiccup pulled out his pocket book from the pocket inside his vest, and opened it to the page where the picture of the Night Fury was. Surely from what he saw in the canyon, this dragon couldn't be as bad as the manual said it was. Plus, once it was freed from the ropes, it hadn't killed Hiccup when it had the chance. This one dragon alone had convinced the lad to never seek to kill another dragon, whether for fame or defense, ever again.

* * *

><p>Meanwhile, on the high seas, the mighty fleet of Vikings ships continued to sail, reaching the border of a fogged up section of the ocean. Stoic was fervently glaring at the map, obsessed with finding the nest.<p>

"It's out there," he told himself as he looked out to their next search target, "I can practically smell them."

The fog was so thick, you could barely be able to see the ocean floor in it, let alone the skies that it blanketed. It was known to the tribes all over the European area, as Helhydan Gates. And this was perhaps to where Stoic hoped to find the nest.

"Take us in," he ordered the others.

"Hard to port," the rudder men called to each other.

The ships then made their turns into the fogged up abyss, nearly disappearing as the last ship sunk right into it. It was quiet for only fifteen secondsâ€¦ until the roar of a Monstrous Nightmare could be heard, and seen within the darkened thick fog were flames being spewed in all directions.

* * *

><p>Ooo,_** scary stuff, huh? Well, we all know how this story will end, if not, well, go see the original movie. However, I will state that when Stoic finds out about the Night Fury, he won't be as harsh as he was in the movie, I'm going for a more "him as a disappointed and hurt but just thankful his son still alive and is the first to see a Night Fury up close and live" perspective at that point. Oh, and just so we're clear, here is some information about Pippa:**

Name(s): Pippa Ragnarsjewel, occasionally called Pip

Age: 16 yrs.

Gender: female, duh

Family: Ragnar Haddock/ Ragnar Moonscar (father, deceased),
Iona McCregee (mother, deceased), Stoic Haddock/ Stoic the Vast (paternal uncle), Hiccup Haddock (cousin)

Appearance: a half-head taller than Hiccup with a build similar to Astrid's; neck length red hair and silver eyes; wears a blue poncho-like jacket over her grey chainmail shirt, white under shirt, and buckskin pants as well as gloves that left her pointer, thumb, and pinkie fingers exposed and a belt that carried a quiver around her hips

Weapon: bow and arrows, will occasionally use a dagger

**Personality: wise, compassionate, understanding, caring, loyal, and brave but with a fierce defensive side. Loves her family more than anything, and is willing to do anything to protect them, but can be very scary and/or aggressive when she wants to be. **

Brief History: born to Viking Ragnar Moonscar and Scottish Iona McCregee, a former bar maid, Pippa lost her parents to a fierce thunderstorm at the age of eight, after that was adopted by her uncle, the Hairy Hooligans tribal chief. Since then, she has protected both her family and the village's forge against the dragons and became Hiccup's only true friend.

Special skills: archery, Gaelic and Scottish translation, puzzle solving, riddles

3. Forbidden Friendship

"Hey, I just happen to notice the book had nothing on Night Furies. Is there like, another book, or a sequel, maybe a little Night Fury pamphlet?" Hiccup asked, not noticing the large ball of fire that was hurling towards him, destined to hit his ax which he was holding up at his side.

"Focus, Hiccup! You're not even tryin'," Gobber yelled, as Hiccup's ax was melted right off its handle, leaving Hiccup only a metal stick with a glowing red end.

"Whoa!" He yelled in surprise as he ran through the maze.

"Today," Gobber stated calmly as he began his lecture, "is all aboutâ€¦ ATTACK! Nadders are quick and light on their feet. Your job is to be quicker and lighter!"

Jumping up and perched itself on the wall, was the dragon for the day. It was probably around seven feet high and twelve feet long, with the skeletal structure of an eagle: bipedal with arms that were twelve foot wings. Its scales were colored a bright blue, with a light yellow underbelly, and its wings were a combination of yellow, orange and green. The head somewhat resembled a bird's, with its one horned nose ending at a beak hook, and a crown of spikes that flexed like a parrot's feathered head on the back of its head. Its long blue and yellow striped tail was coated with a series of venomous spikes that could flex out like the mane, but inject venom. This was the Deadly Nadder: the most beautiful, and fastest of all the dragons, as well as having the hottest fire breath out of all the known dragons.

The Nadder was now perched on the wooden walls, jumping easily from one wall to the next. It lifted its spiked tail in the air and launched a battery of quills into Fishlegs' shield.

"I'm really beginning to question your teaching methods!" He yelled out in a running storm, as he ran blindly through the maze.

"Look for its blind spot," Gobber said; looking bored as his students ran for their lives, "Every dragon has one. Find it; hide in it, and then strike."

Hiccup ran through one of the passageways, going past the twins as he did so. Ruffnut and Tuffnut ran around a corner, just to find themselves standing face to face with the Deadly Nadder. Ruffnut was standing right behind Tuffnut, who was trying to get out of the dragon's face. It seemed to work, as with the twins standing six inches from its beaked maw. They had unintentionally found the blind spot, and were completely unseen, until Ruffnut took one whiff, and her face contorted with disgust.

"Eww, do you ever bathe?" she asked Tuffnut.

"Marinate in it, Babe," Tuffnut said, pushing his sister back, "If you don't like it then get your own blind spot."

"How about I give you one!" Ruffnut threatened, as she pushed back.

Tuffnut didn't have time to respond, because right after she said it, the Nadder expelled a great deal of piping hot fire. Tuffnut and Ruffnut got out of the way before they became dragon food.

"Blind spot yes. Deaf spot not so much," Gobber commented.

Astrid, Snotlout, Pippa, and Hiccup ran through the maze. While

Hiccup was running, he spotted Gobber at the top and decided he'd try and get more information out of him.

"Hey," he asked Gobber, as he stopped running for only a moment, "So how would one sneak up on a Night Fury?"

"No one's ever met one and lived to tell the tale," Gobber replied frankly, until he yelled out, extremely annoyed, "Nowâ€¦ GET IN THERE!"

"I know, I know. But, hypotheticallyâ€¦" Hiccup said, as he backed up.

However, he turned around, and saw Astrid, his cousin, and Snotlout hiding behind their shields. Astrid was making a gesture that obviously meant, 'Get down!' Her scowling glare at him was obvious of that assumption.

Hiccup got down and hid behind them. Astrid peered around the corner of one of the barriers, and saw the Nadder sniffing at the ground. The very scene filled the young teen girl Viking with an adrenaline rush to help her in this test. She skillfully and quietly rolled passed the dragon to the other side of the hallway, Snotlout followed, as did Pippa. She beckoned her cousin to come along.

"C'mon, Hiccup. Move it," she whispered to him.

When Hiccup tried to copy the three, as he took Pip's lead and failed tremendously. His roll was perfect, except for one minor flaw at the finish. He didn't complete the roll, and came to a stop right in front of the Nadder, catching its attention. He quickly stood up and scurried away, just before the Nadder could take a bite out of him.

The dragon jumped up on the walls again and roared in frustration. It found both Astrid and Snotlout, and jumped down in front of them.

"Watch out Babe, I'll take care of this," Snotlout said, holding up his hammer, in another attempt to impress Astrid.

He threw it right at the Nadder, but missed it completely as it went passed its left side, and slammed into one of the walls. Astrid shook her head as she looked at him, unimpressed.

"The sun was in my eyes!" Snotlout stated, trying his best to make excuses, "What do you want me to do, block out the sun? I can do that, I..."

The dragon blew a mighty stream of fire at them, as they ran down another passageway. As it did so, the teens continued to dodge the flames as Snotlout did his best to impress Astrid. Snotlout ran down a different hallway than Astrid, and the Nadder followed her. The Dragon flew wildly at her; its angry roars filled the arena as it knocked over anything in its way. Hiccup was still trying to get some information out of Gobber, "Has anyone seen one napping?" but to no use.

Just at that moment, he turned around when he heard Astrid yelling.

And adding much surprise to Hiccup, the Nadder was right on her heels.

Astrid was on top of one of the falling walls and jumped, landing right on Hiccup, who was knocked to the ground. As the dust cleared a bit, both the twins and Syn looked at the now somewhat awkward scene. When Astrid had fallen on Hiccup, she had indeed fallen on him. She was on top of him, while he was pinned down by her as she got up. Astrid's ax had gotten wedged in Hiccup's shield, which was stuck on Hiccup's arm.

"Ooo, love on the battle-field," Tuffnut teased.

"She could do better," Ruffnut chimed in.

Feeling rather embarrassed and angry at this, Astrid tried to pull away.

But to no avail as she shot out, "Let meâ€¦!"

"Why don't you?" Hiccup added in.

He tried to figure out a way to get unstuck, but Astrid just stood up. As the two still continued to struggle free, the Nadder was charging right for them both. Astrid saw this, and bracing herself on Hiccup's face with her boot, she pulled on her ax, taking Hiccup's shield with. The Nadder was coming around, straight for Astrid. But she held up the ax and hit it in the face with it, using the side of the weapon. The shield made contact with the Nadder's face, shattering to pieces as the dragon staggered back a bit. The Nadder let out a yelp and hobbled off back into its cage.

"Well done, Astrid," Gobber called out as he walked back on the training ground, shutting the Nadder in.

Astrid caught her breath and turned around to face Hiccup, who was getting back up on his feet. He rubbed his face in slight pain for being stepped on like that.

He curled into a fetal position as Astrid shoved him forcefully, venomously lecturing him, "Is this some kind of a joke to you?! Our parents' war is about to become oursâ€¦!"

She leaned towards him and put her ax in his face, "figure out which side you're on. Or better yet, stay out of the way!"

"That's enough Astrid!" Pippa scolded, walking up to the girl and grabbing her arm, "Apologize to Hiccup."

Astrid glared at the boy, not at all sorry for her actions.

Pippa tightened her grip and ordered, "Say you're sorry."

"All right!" Astrid snapped, pulling her arm out of the older teen's grip and turned to Hiccup and grumbled, "I'm sorry."

Hiccup nodded and then Gobber and the other younger teens left the arena.

Pip turned to her younger cousin and asked, "What's with the sudden

interest in Night Furies?"

"Oh, uh," Hiccup stammered, "well, I was reading the Dragon Manual and Iâ€¦ uhâ€¦ was wonderingâ€¦ why the only information on them was that it's 'the unholy offspring of lightning and death' and don't even bother to try and kill it."

"Hiccup, most Vikings are more brawn than brain," Pip explained, "but even they know there are some things they cannot take on and defeat, and Night Furies are one of them. If you're going to look for one, you will not survive. Sometimes the wisest and bravest thing to do is avoid a fight altogether."

* * *

><p>Later that day, Hiccup went to the canyon that the Night Fury had trapped itself in, and found a lower entrance so he wouldn't have to climb in. He hid between two rocks just at the entrance and threw the fish inside, but nothing happened. He meant to walk inside, but the shield he was carrying got jammed between the two rocks. Hiccup decided to go under the shield, crawled through the rocks, and grabbed the fish again.<p>

He walked around the area, but there was no sight of the dragon anywhere. Unaware of it, the dragon was not far from him. Hiding behind the rocks behind Hiccup, the Night Fury was crouching on it, looking at the Viking teenager. The Night Fury crawled out from the rocks, causing Hiccup to turn around immediately and gasped. The dragon walked around him as it walked in a crouched position, carefully observing the Viking in case he tried to attack it again.

Deciding to try and make peace with it, he held out the fish in hopes that the dragon would take it nicely. The Night Fury immediately spotted the fish, and seemed to relax a bit. This was made evident as the slit eyes then dilated into bit round irises, almost as if the dragon was some sort of puppy.

The creature inched forward and opened its mouth, exposing healthy pink gums, not being noticed by Hiccup at all. As soon as it got close, realization came to its eyes and it backed off. Hiccup immediately knew that it knew he had a weapon. He reached into his vest and pulled out his knife, his only other weapon that he never used. The dragon growled at him, but he dropped it on the ground. The Night Fury motioned its head towards the water, as if itâ€¦ or heâ€¦ was trying to tell Hiccup to kick the knife away.

Hiccup lifted the knife up with his foot, and tossed it into the water. As soon as the dragon heard the knife hit the lake it sat down, and its haunches and looked at Hiccup with big, expecting eyes; it's ear twitching. Once again, this made Hiccup smile at this scene, thinking the Night Fury, the one Dragon that everyone thought was the devil, was some kind of innocent little puppy.

Hiccup held out the fish again and the dragon inched closer. When it got close enough it opened its mouth again, Hiccup noticed there were gums, but not a tooth in sight.

"Huh, toothless," he observed holding out the fish, "I could of swore you hadâ€¦"

Just as he set it, two rows of teeth suddenly appeared in the dragon's mouth. The not so toothless dragon snatched the fish out of Hiccups hands, bit it in two, and swallowed it.

"Teeth," Hiccup finished as the dragon licked its lips with its thick forked tongue.

The dragon looked at Hiccup and walked towards him, making low rumbling noises deep in its throat. Hiccup backed up until he stumbled into a large rock and sat down in front of it.

"No, no. No," Hiccup pleaded nervously, as the dragon got right in his face, "I don't have anymore."

The dragon's eyes rolled back and it started to convulse. It opened its mouth, and out came half of the fish Hiccup gave it.

The fish landed on his lap, as he nearly gagged, "Ughâ€¦"

And then the dragon sat down, human position-wise, and looked at Hiccup. Hiccup sat there uncomfortably while the dragon stared at him. He looked straight at the dragon, and the dragon just looked at him.

Hiccup cocked an eyebrow as he finally asked, "What?"

Then the dragon gestured to him then the fish.

Realizing what the dragon wanted Hiccup groaned, "Wait! You want meâ€¦ toâ€¦? Ugh, great."

He slowly brought the fish up towards his mouth and bit into it. And immediately, it tasted absolutely disgusting.

"Mmm," Hiccup mumbled, trying to show the dragon that he ate the fish.

But it was pretty obvious that it was smarter than he thought. The dragon made a loud gulping noise, telling him to swallow it. Hiccup just groaned. With all his might, mostly from his stomach, he tried to force down the disgusting, already-eaten-but-thrown-up fish. It took a moment and one try to ensure he wouldn't puke it out, but he succeeded, as he gulped down the fish and shivered from the bad taste now swimming around in his mouth.

The Night Fury licked its lips again, and Hiccup looked at it and smiled a nervous and goofy smile. The dragon looked at him and squinted its eyes, studying the boy's facial features now. Then in a few seconds of silence, the sides of its mouth came up in a weird sort of toothless smile, since it had retracted its teeth again. He looked at the dragon's silly attempt at a smile, stifling a laugh or two of his own. Without thinking, he got back on to his feet, and reached out his right hand to touch the dragon. But before he could even touch him, it bared its teeth and glided to the other end of the canyon and landed roughly.

It lit the ground it stood atop of on fire, and laid down in the warm flames. He folded his wings in the back, but they were left open still and spread out on both sides, and had his tail curled nearly up

to his stomach as he relaxed in his spot. It looked up to see a bird taking off from its perch on a branch and fly away, his ears standing straight up. When his gaze followed the bird his eyes fell on Hiccup, who had moved from the other end of the canyon and was now sitting crisscross on the ground beside the beast.

The dragon put his ears back against his head, and groaned. Though it wasn't an angered groan or a groan of anger or hatred, just more of annoyed. The Night Fury then shifted his body so that when he lay down, he could hide his face with his one tail-fin.

Hiccup sighed at this, knowing it wasn't going be easy to get on this dragon's good side. He then scooted closer to the dragon and reached out his hand, trying to touch him again. But right before he could place his hand on the dragon's tail, the dragon folded his tail fin down and out of the way, just in time to see Hiccup.

Not wanting the dragon to notice what he was trying to do, which it obviously did, Hiccup shot up, rotated 180 degrees around on his heel, and comically walked away.

Early in the evening, after sleeping a strong branch of a large tree, hanging upside down by his tail and hiding within his wings like a bat, it unfurled his wings and looked around the canyon. For a moment, he didn't expect the human Viking teen to still be around. But he was proven himself wrong as he took a gander at the lake. He saw Hiccup sitting on a small rock not facing him. The dragon was a bit amazed at this persistence; he had stayed the entire day, and didn't even run. He noticed the human was doing something over there, and curiosity brought the dragon to go investigate.

Hiccup was bored, and boy was he. He was mindlessly drawing in the dirt with a stick, when he noticed the large black beast watching him from behind. Deciding not to turn around, in fear that the dragon would just try to shoo him or just get away, Hiccup decided to continue with his drawing, almost acting like he didn't notice it behind him at all. With a few motions of the stick the lines in the dirt began to take the shape of a dragon, and then it became the shape of the dragon.

The dragon watched intently with large eyes, as Hiccup drew him into the dirt. While the beast watched, soft purring noises came from his throat, and being the intelligent dragon that it was, it got an idea. He stood up on his hind legs, and waddled back to where he was sleeping.

Hiccup looked back in confusing as he saw it grab a large tree branch in his mouth, and drag it over to where he had been sitting. The dragon held the branch in his mouth, and pressed it against the ground and began to twirl around the rock Hiccup was seated on. He stopped a few times to look at Hiccup and make sure his drawing was correct, and then he continued to spin around and around as he copied Hiccup's ways.

Once he was satisfied with his picture, the dragon put the branch down and sat on the ground. Hiccup was in the middle of the drawing and he stood up to get a better view of the swirls in the dirt. After careful observation, Hiccup was astounded as to what he figured what the swirls and scribbles were. It was an attempted drawing of himself; the dragon attempted to draw him, just as he drew the

dragon.

He went to walk out of the drawing when he stepped on one of the lines. The dragon let out a furious growl, baring his teeth. Hiccup took his foot off the line and the dragon's expression became one of curiosity and wonder, and he began to purr softly. The previous anger immediately forgotten.

After seeing this, Hiccup decided to experiment on the subject, and put his foot back on the line. Sure enough, the dragon's expression became vicious again, and when he took it off the dragon began to purr again. Hiccup tried this a few more times but stopped before the dragon got too mad. The last thing he wanted was to get eaten just for stepping on a picture.

Hiccup smiled at the dragon and began to weave through the lines, placing his feet in the right places like a graceful dance. He twirled and swirled through the lines until he felt breathing down his neck. He turned around and looked up to see it beast gazing at him, without any ferocity in his eyes.

Hiccup slowly lifted up his hand, and the dragon let out a growl, slightly showing his teeth, but this time he didn't back up or run away. Hiccup put his head down and closed his eyes, slowly putting up his hand again. It stopped a few inches before the dragon's nose. Its eyes open wide as it looked at the boy's hand, and slowly closed its eyes and placed his head lightly in Hiccup's hand, purring softly.

Hiccup lifted his head and looked at the dragon in disbelief. When it opened its eyes and saw Hiccup staring at him he shook his head, pupils contracting, and he took off back to where he was sleeping. Hiccup just stood there for a minute to grasp on to what had just happened.

* * *

><p>Hiccup had returned to Berk village afterwards, feeling a bit more chipper due to the connection he and his new friend, Toothless, had found. But that would just have to remain as a secret; if anyone else found about their friendship, bit trouble would be in store for the two. But for now, he was gonna enjoy the night for now. Well, at least try to enjoy it. Tonight, Gobber had invited the young Viking dragon slayer trainees for a dusk bonfire feast, in honor of a successful training week, meaning there were no casualties, including Hiccup. However, that meant having to listen to one or more of Gobber's old dragon hunting stories.<p>

"â€| Took my hand, and swallowed it whole," Gobber told his students, while roasting a chicken on the open bon fire with his makeshift shiscabob hand, "And I could tell by the look on his face: I was delicious. Well, he must've passed the word, for it wasn't until a month later, when another came byâ€|"

Then he pointed to his peg leg as he finished, "â€| and took my leg."

The students, minus Hiccup, Pippa, and surprisingly Astrid, were all in awe at the veteran Viking's tale.

"Isn't it weird? I mean to think that your hand was inside a dragon," Fishlegs began as he stated, motioning his drumsticks, "Like if your mind was still in control of it, then you could've killed that dragon just by crushing its heart, or something."

The teens looked at their comrade with dumbfounded gazes. The only ones who didn't look at him as such, was Hiccup, who was picking at his fish. He was still lost in thought, thinking about the dragon, who Hiccup had decided to call Toothless, and to figure out why the dragon couldn't fly.

"I swear, I'm so angry right now," snarled Snotlout as he glared at his still cooking chicken.

He then looked to Gobber as he swore, "I'll avenge your beautiful hand and foot! I'll rip the legs of every dragon I slay with my own face!"

Gobber chuckled as he tore the wings off his chicken, and made an excellent piece of advice to all the Vikings, "Na-Ah, Snotlout. It's the wings and the tail fins you need to be after."

"Why?" Pippa asked.

Gobber continued, "Without them, they either can't fly. A Downed Dragon is a Dead Dragon."

When Gobber said that, Hiccup immediately perked up, absorbing that information and then it hit him like a ten ton boulder. That's why the Night Fury couldn't get out of the canyon. The bolas that he shot must've somehow shredded the left tail fin, and in the process, wrecked the Night Fury's flight power. Now, now, he had to think of a way to fix it.

Gobber yawned then said, "Alright, I'm off ta bed, and you should be too. Tomorrow, we'll start with the big boys, slowly but surely making our way to the Monstrous Nightmare."

As Gobber was talking, the twins and Snotlout became engrossed, enjoying the idea becoming one of the top dogs. Fishlegs and Astrid perked up too, but only to think about proving their metal. Pippa wasn't really interested, her only goal was to protect Hiccup.

"But who will have the honor of killing it?" the old blacksmith/warrior finished.

"It's gonna be me," Tuff pointed to himself, "It's my destiny. See?"

He then lifted his arm, showing an unknown mark to Fishlegs.

"Whoa," the large teen Viking was struck in awe, "When'd you get a tattoo?"

"It's a birthmark," Tuffnut commented in a monotone.

Ruffnut replied, not believing one word of it, "I've been stuck with you since birth, and I've never seen that."

As the twins were continuing their argument, Astrid heard creaking

footsteps from the watch post's stairwell. She got up, and walked to it to see who was walking up, or down. Hiccup's retreating form was seen making his way down the stairs, as the female Viking looked at his disappearing form in confusion and suspicion. Her eyes squinted in silent thought about it, but shrugged.

* * *

><p>Lighting the blacksmith shop, Hiccup began to get to work now. He brought out his notebook and immediately opened up the book to the page, detailing a diagram picture of the Night Fury, Toothless. He took his pencil and studied the tail fins very carefully, and then began to sketch a design on a bigger sheet of paper. After he was done sketching and looked over the blueprints, he nodded to himself and began to get to work.<p>

Hiccup started the coals and the furnace, heating the fires as he began the next step. He heated up a slab of metal, and when it was soft enough, he brought it over to beat it into the desired shape he had in mind. He dunked the shape in the water and proceeded to the next one. He then began to take apart a few Viking shields that weren't salvageable, and proceeded to melt, mold, and cool down more components until finally, the object was completed.

It was an exact replica prosthetic of a tail fin for a Night Fury. Hiccup folded the artificial fin and out, making sure that he had been very detailed on this little piece of equipment. Five steel bone spikes attached to a brown piece of cloth, and onto a strap on cloth with two strap bands on it. In truth, it looked very much identical to a part of Toothless's tail.

* * *

><p>Early the next morning, Hiccup returned to the cove.<p>

"Hey Toothless," Hiccup called out to his Night Fury friend, as he strode on in.

He looked around, hoping to find the dragon that he now called friend. Strapped to his back was the artificial tail fin. He continued to look around, thinking that Toothless was hiding from him like he did before. However, that wasn't the case, as he saw Toothless curled up by a rock, relaxing or sleeping at this point. Hiccup couldn't help but smile at this, knowing now that the dragon trusted him.

"Hey, there you are," Hiccup called out with a smile.

This caught Toothless's attention as his ears perked up, looking at the human that came by. He saw that Hiccup was carrying some weird looking thing on his back, and pushing a basket over. Whatever it was, the beast figured, looked to be too much for the boy to just simply carry it over to him. Either that or the boy wasn't as strong as most Vikings his age should have been.

Hiccup stopped in front of Toothless, as the dragon got up on all fours, and slowly circled the boy in curiosity. "Alright, I brought you something for today," he said as he knocked over the basket, opening it up, and spilling the contents out, as it made a sort of slimy sound. "Okay, that was gross," Hiccup muttered.

Toothless cocked an eyebrow at that comment, but looked as the dragon's face was lit up with delight. It seemed that Hiccup had brought with him a whole basket of fish, each a different variety. In all of his life, the Night Fury had never seen this much different fish clustered together. But in all his life, Toothless had never been given fish at all by any human, except the boy that had stayed and befriended him.

"Let's see," Hiccup started as he set the basket aside, giving a list of the contents of fish.

"We've got some salmon, some Icelandic Cod, a few Red Snappers," Hiccup said as he tried to make his way around Toothless as he dug through the fish, making sure he wasn't seen.

He was almost there, until he mentioned, "â€| and one smoked eel."

Immediately, Toothless backed away, snarling at the fish pile. Hiccup stopped from his attempts to fasten the tail fin on, when he heard his dragon snarling like that. But it wasn't the snarl you'd hear out of anger, more like one if you'd hear a dragon cringe in fear. Hiccup arched an eyebrow as he walked to the pile; his face scrunching in concentrated thought as he knelt over the pile of fish. He looked to Toothless, getting as to where he was looking at, and immediately spots it. Sure enough, it was the eel, as Hiccup picked it up, hanging it for Toothless to see.

The dragon immediately cringed back, halfway bringing his wings out, his ears pulled to the back, and his teeth shooting out as his eyes slit up.

Hiccup looked at Toothless and back to the eel, as he asked, "You're afraid of this?"

Toothless immediately snarled in fear as he nearly jumped back, when Hiccup slightly let the eel swing.

"No, no, it's alright," Not wanting to scare the dragon any further, Hiccup threw the eel away.

Immediately, Toothless calmed down and went back to the fish, as he defended, "Yeah, I don't like eel much, either."

Now that the eel was gone, Toothless was free to dig in the fish pile. Hiccup smirked at the scene, and while he was eating the fish, he had the chance to strap on the new tail fin.

"Don't you mind me, I'll be back here," Hiccup casually told himself as he knelt down at the end of the tail, "Minding my own business."

He set the artificial fin down, and set it ready to strap on to the finless part of the tail. However, it proved a challenge on to itself, as Toothless moved his tail, twitching it slightly. Hiccup turned to see if Toothless had noticed what he was doing, but thankfully his luck held out. The dragon was more focused on eating the fish than anything else, even as he dunked his head into the basket to eat a fish he had spotted there.

As he saw this, Hiccup decided to hop on top of the tail, to keep it from swinging around. Now that he was on it, it refused to swing around, giving him the chance to fasten the fin on. He pulled it over, and positioned it correctly in parallel with the real fin. As Hiccup strapped the tail, on, Toothless rose up; the basket falling off his face as he felt something at his tail. He turned his head sideways, to see what was going on and saw Hiccup. He pulled back to the front; his eyes going wide and his ears pulled back.

As Hiccup made the final fastening on the belts, he sighed in success as he sat up to look at his handiwork. The Viking boy was completely unaware of the Night Fury's wings, slowly folding out and stretching to the sides, almost as if he was about to take off.

"Alright," Hiccup reassured himself as he opened the tail fin, and examined it with the real one.

They were almost completely identical, save for the fact that the artificial one was brown instead of black.

Hiccup crossed his arm as he stroked his chin in accomplishment, "That's not too bad. It'll work, if I can see it inâ€¦"

Suddenly, Toothless shot up in the air, taking a startled and yelling in a panic Hiccup, as he grabbed onto the tail, holding for dear life. The dragon soared above the lake, making its way to the other side of the hidden canyon. So far, Toothless wasn't crashing, due to the fact that he hadn't change directions yet. Hiccup was holding on to dear life, until he noticed the tail fin he made had folded back, due to the rushing wing. He reached out, nearly stretching his arm out, and grabbed it, pulling it open.

The dragon then pulled out as he attempted to fly out of the canyon unfortunately, Toothless was on the verge of taking a rather nasty nose dive, knowing it was going crash again. But the moment that Hiccup opened the artificial finâ€¦ he pulled up from the nosedive and into the air, without even crashing into a tree or the ground at all. The dragon roared out in joy; it could fly again now.

The two were soaring in through the skies, flying overhead off in another direction, with Hiccup still hanging onto the tail. If Hiccup had a better place to sit down, he'd be amazed by the view when he looked down. In all his life, he had seen Berk on top of a cliff with his father once, but he never saw it like this before. It was, for a lack of a better word for the now smiling, slack-jawed Viking: Amazing.

Toothless flew down, to where a waterfall was, feeding into a river stream. He and Hiccup glided over the calm water, not even touching or disturbing the water at all.

Hiccup smirked at all this, knowing that the fin worked as he hollered in joy, "Yeah, it's working! I did it, I did it!"

Toothless heard the voice from behind him, and looked under to see Hiccup. The dragon furrowed his frown, and decided to get rid of the boy. He had made a sharp turn away from the waterfall; this caused hiccup to get thrown off as he skidded on the water's surface, until finally crashing into it, nearly fifteen feet away from the massive

waterfall. However, as Toothless was about to fly away, the tail fin snapped closed again. The dragon tried to keep its balance, but to no avail as it crashed into the water.

Toothless resurfaced from the water, realizing it was only knee deep, even for Hiccup as he stood up, and shouted, "Yeah! Alright!"

4. Bork the Bold

****A/N:** in this chapter, and a few others, there are sections of text that is exclusively italic. That means that it's either a flashback or someone's imagination. When that happens, everything is more cartoonish, like Gobber's flashbacks in "The Legend of the Boneknapper Dragon." However, when there are a few words in the dialogue are in italics, then that means that the character is putting emphasize on the word.**

* * *

><p>Once again, the next day, Dragon Training for the Viking teenagers was what waited for them all. Hiccup, who would have been usually unexcited about this, like the other two times, seemed not to mind this one. In the arena, several boulders, small and large, had been moved all around the arena, creating a sort of canyon environment. How Gobber them in there in the first place, nobody even knew at this point.<p>

At this point, all they had were their shields, but instead of their usual weapons, they had with them a set of arrows and a bow. Except for Pippa and to an extent Hiccup and Astrid, the latter two watching Pip practice from a short distance and copying, none of the Viking teens had any idea how to use their weapons. Ruff and Tuff were playing on their bows as if they were a one string guitar duet band, Lout picked his teeth with one of his arrows, and Fishlegs stumbled and fumbled with trying to figure out how to use the stinking weapon.

"Today, in Dragon Training," Gobber stated as he addressed the students from atop the stadium, getting ready to release the dragon, "It's all about Aim and, the rarest and most nigh-unattainable trait, Patience. Some dragons are a bit smarter than they look, faster too. If you're up against one of those dragons, the best thing to do is hide, wait, and strike when it doesn't see it coming."

Suddenly, from the center cage, a huge blast of ice and cold air shot out nearly five feet in front of them, creating a frost pattern on the floor just inches away from Legs. Soon after that, a mighty roar echoed the training arena; Hiccup and the others had reason to worry. Right after the ice mist dissipated, for once, all seven teens looked up in fear.

There, hunched on one of the larger rocks, the dragon of the day was located. It was thirteen feet long, and the height as a draft horse. The dragon's body appeared to be a mixture of four animals; a wolf, a horse, a bear, and a hare. The body was covered in white fur with lite turquoise tiger stripes, and was strong built in the front, with two very powerful looking arms, large bear/dog feet, thick thighs, very powerful running hind legs, and a twenty-foot wingspan, looking as if the wings belonged to a white and gray spotted owl. The long

whipping tail ended with a club-like spade, perfect for breaking trees and bones, but also concealed two curved blades that rivaled the finest butcher's knife. On the upper shoulders and thighs, three sky blue spikes protruded from the fur like icicles. Each front foot had four velociraptor claws and three on its back feet. Its neck was long and thick enough to resemble a horse's, and its head was an elongated bear shape. On top of the head, two long curved horns stuck out and two long stylized rabbit-like ears twitched on the side. Two sharp teeth stuck out from the bottom jaw, and upon opening its mouth, two wolfish canines and at least six bear molars greeted the Viking trainees. The beast had the deepest blue eyes you'd ever seen. This was the Frostfire, the only dragon in the world to breathe ice and frost. One blast gave its victims the worst case of frostbite one could imagine.

Hiccup gulped as he stated, "And now the running begins."

Immediately, as if on cue, Hiccup, Pippa, and everyone else bolted as the dragon's mouth shot out a stream of ice and snow, missing them as they split up in search for high ground or hiding spots, Tuffnut throwing his bow and Ruffnut throwing her arrows at their attacker.

"The Frostfire, opposite to the Deadly Nadder, this beast has the coldest breath of all the known dragons," Gobber stated as he lectured the students, "They're cold-hearted, they're calculating, but on the plus side, if you kill one, they have the softest and silkiest fur you can ever find."

Fishlegs, having fallen off his boulder, fell on the beast's back. And just like Gobber said, the fur was so soft and fluffy that it made the pudgy lad nuzzled and curl up in it... until the Frostfire reared up and threw him off.

The twins were supposed to be cautiously looking up, and keeping an eye out for the dragon. However, as once again, they were arguing. This time, they were playing a game of tug-o-war with their remaining bow, as they tried to bite each other's heads off.

"Give me the bow," Ruffnut shot at him.

"You shoot like a girl," Tuffnut mocked.

"That's because I am a girl, idiot," retorted Ruffnut.

"Really?" Tuffnut started, pushing away his sister, "If you are a girl, then you must've got beaten with an ugly stick."

"Oh yeah?" Ruffnut shoved back, "Then if you're a boy, you must've got beat with a beauty stick, 'cause you look more like a girl."

Pip ran in, slapped herself on the forehead, then snapped to the twins, "Will you two stop arguing for two seconds?!"

Suddenly, the Frostfire came into position as it perched itself above them, snarling right at the trio. The two stopped fighting and once again threw their defenses at the dragon, not causing any damage what so ever.

Pippa sighed as she looked to the creature came down at her, "Alright, I'll take it on."

She shot two arrows at once, hitting it in the snout, causing it to roar and rear in pain. Hiccup saw the monster's tail wipe some rocks at her and he ran to save her.

"Look out," Hiccup shouted as he ran to their corner, and crashed into his cousin.

The two groaned as they got up on their knees, both relieved to have just missed being crushed. The twins were about to make a joke when another blast of ice nearly got them; the four were now running for their lives.

"Focus, it's all good to run," Gobber called out, "but when it comes to dragons, you've got to stand and fight,"

The four were running for a while, until Hiccup ran into Astrid, who wasn't expecting him. He plowed into her, right as the twins bounced into Fishlegs, and fell back on the ground, and Pip rammed into the pile.

When Fishlegs looked up a bit, he muttered, "Mommy, can I have a piece ofâ€|"

Suddenly, the Frostfire's ice shot to the side, encasing the rocks in permafrost, and striding right in there, and turned to look at the teens, with attacking intentions in its eyes.

At this sight, all Fishlegs could squeak out was, "â€| help me."

Hiccup, for once on the top of a dog pile, grabbed his bow and an arrow and shot a rock. This caused a rock slide and made the beast lose its footing and fall on the other side of the wall, roar-screaming as it did. And also for once, the other younger teens didn't stare at him as if he messed up. Actually, they were surprised that his plan worked.

"What?" Hiccup asked, "I don't mess up _all_ the time."

"Good, Hiccup. Job well done," Gobber cried out, but then his smirked all-knowingly, "But it's not over yet. For you see, the Frostfire has thick skin and thicker bones and muscle under all that furâ€|"

And it was made clear, as the dragon lifted itself off the ground, and stood on its hind legs. It then it pushed the wall down like a sheet of glass.

"It'll take a lot more than a small rock slide to stop it," Gobber pointed out, "and it's much tougher than it looks."

Then suddenly, the beast shot out two blasts of ice from its maw, hitting only the walls that the teens were between. The area around them was contained in a half-igloo shaped cage, with no way for them to get out.

The beast loomed right at them, preparing to freeze them out, until Snotlout came charging in from behind, screaming out, "SNEAK

ATTACK!"

However, the Frostfire took notice of this; its face was more annoyed than enraged. It didn't turn to face the charging Viking teen, though lifted its tail up, going unnoticed by Snotlout. Then, it wrapped around Snotlout's legs and proceeded to fling him back and forth against the two walls and floor at least three times.

This ended with the Viking incoherently blabbed out, "Last callâ€¦ already?"

And then the dragon's tail released him, and he plopped to the ground, dazed, the dragon making a snickering sound. It then turned back to the other Vikings, as Astrid shot another arrowâ€¦ right at one of its hind legs. The beast was no longer able to hold its footing; there was only one way to go. The beast toppled over and fell flat on its chest, turning its head around and biting down on the arrow, struggling to get it out, but Astrid wasn't about to let that happen. She grabbed her shield and ran straight for the Frostfire. Then she smacked the blunt end of the shield into its eyes, knocking it out cold, ending the training session.

"Excellent job, as always, Astrid, and great improvement Hiccup," Gobber pointed out, as he was now in the arena, and dragging away the knocked out Frostfire, "Next time, will be the Hideous Zippleback. That's when _things_ get tricky_."

Pippa shuttered at the sound of that name, she knew very well that Gobber wasn't kidding when he said things were going to get "tricky."

Astrid caught her breath and turned around to face Hiccup, who was getting back up on his feet, and surprisingly told him, "Nice thinking with the arrow in the rock back there, now you're acting like a Viking."

He rubbed his neck and weakly smiled, this was the first time someone other than Pippa said anything nice to him.

He stood straight up only for Snotlout to shove him forcefully, snarling, "But you're still weak, you cringe when there's a dragon around, you're barely able handle any weapon; you basically don't belong here."

"What?" Hiccup shook his head in defense as he tried his best, "But this time, I wasn'tâ€¦ I totally saved yourâ€¦"

"You don't belong here," he jabbed his finger into his shoulder, pushing him back while he continued, "You're still an embarrassment of â€¦ everything; if you have any respect for us, and what we do, you won't bother to show up tomorrow."

"Snotlout, if you have _any_ brains in your head," Pippa warned, "you _will not_ say that _ever again_."

She turned around and walked away, the other Viking teens following her, and leaving Hiccup alone with what was said.

However, all he could muster out, clearly hurt by Lout's words, groped for a response was a wave and a weak, "Okayâ€¦"

* * *

><p>Later that day, Hiccup had arrived to the Night Fury's canyon home, but he wasn't exactly in a good mood. He climbed down the canyon and just sulkily walked in, kicking a rock as if it were a ball. He huffed to himself, feeling rather upset; the words shot to him stung deeply, and in truthâ€¦ was right. No matter what he did, say, or believed, he was an embarrassment, a shame, the one thing holding everyone back. He sighed as he didn't notice Toothless get up, his ears twitching, obviously excited to see the boy, but stopped as he saw the frown on the young Viking's face.<p>

Hiccup felt a little nudge on his shoulder, as he noticed Toothless now, and gave the dragon a sad smile.

"Oh, hey," he stated, as he patted his friend's nose.

Toothless cocked an eyebrow as he looked to Hiccup, asking silently about the day today, "Sorry, bud. Todayâ€¦ hasn't been the best one lately."

Toothless nuzzled his head against Hiccup's stomach and the boy returned the favor with a hug around the dragon's neck.

* * *

><p>Back home, Hiccup crawled into bed, not even bothering to have supper.<p>

Pippa walked into his room with a mug and a plate of fish and chicken, "Hey, Hiccup, I brought you something to eat, in case you were hungry."

"No thanks, I'm fine," he responded, only for his stomach to relieve that was a lie.

His cousin took notice of his depressed tone and asked, "Why do you sound upset? Still worrying about what _Snotlout _said?"

"Upset?" Hiccup immediately covered up, trying to deny it, "I'm not upset, why-why should I be upset?"

Not fooled one bit, Pippa just stared at him. There was a moment of silence between the two of them, until Hiccup sighed sadly as he turned to face his cousin.

"He was right, I don't belong in Dragon Training," he huffed as he went on, "On Berk, as a Viking, asâ€¦ anything."

Pippa scolded him, "Don't say that! None of it is true!"

"I'm serious," Hiccup shot back, "How in Odin's name am I gonna become a real Viking, when the whole problem is that I need to stop being all ofâ€¦ this."

Pippa, with a cocked eyebrow, stared back to the boy in confusion.

She then pointed to the boy, "You do realize you just pointed to all

of you?"

"Exactly," Hiccup stated as he sighed, crossing his arms, "I'm not like the other teenagers. I'm not as brave, strong, athletic, or dedicated as Astrid is. I'm not as knowledgeable as Fishlegs. I'm not as determined or even as durable as Snotlout. Even the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnutâ€| okay, they're not the best fighters, but they make up for it by being adrenaline junkies. And, I'm not like you Pip; I'm not the greatest Viking where I'm smart, quick, strong, and unstoppable all at once."

"Me? The greatest Viking?" Pip stared, "You do know I'm part highlander through my mother and I never actually killed a dragon before."

He took in a deep and heavy sigh as he pulled the covers over his head, "I don't know. Maybe this was a huge mistake. Maybe I should just leave and never come back."

Pippa sat on the side of her cousin's bed, put a hand on his shoulder and told him, "No one ever wanted you to be like me, or Astrid, or any of the other teens. People just want you to be aware of your surroundings, to pay attention, listen to what you're told, and try to help in a way that doesn't involve crazy contraptions and trying to bit off more than you can chew. Yes, you're not as muscular or powerful as an average Viking is, but you're smart, you're observant, and more importantly, you're mature and respectful. Brute strength and running head first isn't the answer to everything, contrary to popular belief."

Hiccup pulled the covers off and sat up, setting a grateful gaze on his cousin. Both didn't need to talk, each knew what the other was thinking. Pippa gave him the plate and he took it graciously.

"And you're not the first problem-prone Viking in history," Pippa hugged him as she told him an old story, "You know the great Bork the Bold? Well, before Bork was Bold, he was known as 'Bork the Very, Very Unfortunate.'"

* * *

><p>Hiccup imagined a statue of Bork with his head held high, finger pointed towards the sky, chest out, and an axe in the other hand. Then the real Bork, a chubby man with a full chin red beard a horned helmet with a piece of one of the horns missing, fell out of the sky, got up, noticed the statue, and tried to mimic it only for his gut to plop out and his "muscular arm" to flab.

* * *

><p>"That's aâ€| odd nickname," Hiccup chuckled between bites.<p>

She nodded and continued, "Aye but apt. It seemed that everything Bork touched went wrongâ€|"

* * *

><p>Hiccup imagined a little house between two tall trees and Bork walking out of it, only to step on a hoe which then hit him in

the face causing him to stumble back into a fire stand which then fell over and quickly burned down his house. Bork then stumped and then it suddenly rained and Bork got struck by lightning.

* * *

><p>"He started out as a shepherd," Pippa continued, "But his flock got very small..."<p>

* * *

><p>He then imagined Bork standing among a small herd of sheep with a crook in one hand, until two or three Gronkles ate all but one sheep, which was hiding behind its shepherd.

* * *

><p>"So he gave blacksmithing a tryâ€¦"<p>

* * *

><p>Hiccup saw Bork shoe a yak when a Deadly Nadder swooped in and took the yak, each shoe falling on Bork's head and then the Nadder take the anvil, fly up, and drop it on Bork, swishing him, moving out from underneath and walking along as a helmet and beard.

* * *

><p>"â€¦ and had a go at farming.<p>

* * *

><p>In Hiccup's mind, Bork stood next to wheat field with a pitchfork in one handâ€¦ until a Monstrous Nightmare flew in and burned it all down.

* * *

><p>"But he settled for the life of a fishermanâ€¦"<p>

* * *

><p>His mind then imagined Bork pulling in a fish on his pole at the dock, a smile on his face, until a Gronkle flew in and snatched it, pulling him into the air, except for his helmet which fell into the sea.

* * *

><p>"Did Bork even know that the sea was full of dragons?" Hiccup asked, trying to suppress his laughter.<p>

"Not at first," Pip explained, "But he soon found out that the open sea was no easier, because if there's one thing dragons like to eat more than fishâ€¦"

* * *

><p>Hiccup's mind imagined Bork in a small Viking ship loaded

with fish in the middle of the sea. All was well as he fished for more, well, fish, until a bunch of serpentine backs rose and fell with the waves. Bork became scared as the beast or beasts came closer.

* * *

><p>"â€| It's a whole boatload of fish..."<p>

* * *

><p>The Viking fisherman was reeling in a big catch when it pulled the rod out of his hand and a Scauldron head popped up and bit off a piece of the boat, and then another head bit off another piece. Bork looked nervous for a moment before the remaining half of his boat quickly sank, him and a second later his helmet along with it.

* * *

><p>"The fact is Bork and dragons didn't seem to mixâ€|."<p>

* * *

><p>In Hiccup's imagination, Bork was being really cautious as he was about to take a bite of his fish sandwich next to a small camp fire, only for a Nadder to that a bite out of one end, causing Bork to run away. He ran and ran, passing a cat, until he came to the darker part of the forest. He felt safe until a pair of yellow eyes lit up. Then a Nightmare torched him, then it was lights out and Bork stormed out, throwing the fish bone to the cat.

* * *

><p>"But you know what Bork used to say? 'You fall down, you get right back on the dragon,'" Pippa continued.<p>

* * *

><p>Hiccup imagined a Monstrous Nightmare curled up in a small canyon when a smell filled its nostrils and woke it up. It moved its head over a wall and noticed Bork and his wife sitting around a campfire and eating cooked corn. The Nightmare made itself known, scaring Bork's wife; Bork tried to stop it by banging its snout with the frying pan, but the Nightmare grabbed and threw it away. Then it took Bork's wife's bowl of corn with its tongue and left. Bork grabbed a piece of corn in each hand and went after the beast.

* * *

><p>Hiccup snickered, "I bet he didn't know that Nightmares could set themselves on fire."<p>

"Don't worry," Pippa assured, "He found out soon enough."

* * *

><p>He now imagined Bork "beating" up the Nightmare with the pieces of corn as it chewed its lunch, only for it to set itself temporarily on fire. When the fire died and the smoke cleared, Bork

stood on its back, charred, the kernels on the corn popping off.

* * *

><p>Hiccup curled up into a ball and started laughing; it was hard for him to imagine the greatest Viking hero of the entire history of Berk was a screw-up like him.<p>

Pippa took note of this and concluded, "So, now you see. Everything we know about dragons started with one very unfortunate Viking, who had a hunger to learn more.

* * *

><p>Hiccup imagined Bork fishing as a Scauldron head sprung up right under the boat, lifting it up. It set it back down and Bork's face lit up and he jotted something down in a book.

* * *

><p>"â€|Over the years, curious Vikings have updated the pages, and in time, Bork of Dragons became Book of Dragons. It's now a very big part of our Viking heritage, so big, that Bork the Very, Very Unfortunate was soon renamed Bork the Bold."<p>

* * *

><p>Hiccup imagined Bork doodling in his book as his wife wrapped up his wounds. Both stopped to look into each other's eyes.

* * *

><p>Hiccup looked up and asked, "How do you know all that?"<p>

Pippa chuckled and answered, "From Gobber, Bork is, after all, his great-great-great-grandfather."

Both shuttered at that thought and then laughed.

"Thanks Pip," Hiccup said, "for the pep talk."

Pippa kissed his forehead and replied, "Sweet dreams Little One. Big day tomorrow, so don't oversleep."

She left and Hiccup snuggled in, dreaming of the Misadventures of Bork the Bold.

End
file.